New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1919

Owned and published daily by New York Tribune Inc., a New York Corporation. Ogden Reid, President; G. Vernor Rogers, Vice-President; Helen Rogers Reid, Secretary; F. A. Suter, Treasurer. Address, Tribune Building, 154 Nassau Street, New York. Telephone, Beekman 3000.

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Why Try the Kaiser?

The demand for a trial of the Kaiser, no matter what its result or what sentence is or is not inflicted, is supportable on other grounds than those commonly urged. There is more to the matter than the bare question of whether the Hohenzollern is to be punished.

The world needs the fullest inquiry into the exact circumstances surrounding the decision of the German government to launch the war. Much has been revealed—enough to warrant general conclusions. But many details are covered and others are contradicted. The whole matter should be laid bare.

The best way to bring this about is to try the Kaiser. He is the centre of information. The truth can be extracted concerning what went on in Berlin in July, 1914. The trail is left in documents still in existence. Witnesses, though unwilling, can be induced to tell. The world's attention would be focussed by an inquiry that would reach to the bottom.

Particularly is this desirable for the possible effect on the German people. To charges, to deductions, to arguments, to general probabilities, they seem blind. Their eyes may be opened when the narrative becomes concrete. It may be said that if the Germans are not now convinced nothing will convince them. But another effort is worth making.

Constantinople

Employing one of those flamboyant and plausible general phrases he was so adept in coining to serve a particular purpose, Napoleon said to Czar Alexander at Tilsit: "Constantinople means the rule of the world."

France, to win in her great duel with Great Britain, needed Russia's aid or her neutrality. Alexander was an idealist, but he was also a monarch, and perhaps would listen to the hint that the second city of the Cæsars might be his prize.

Moreover, merely to talk of Stamboul was calculated to keep Russia and Britain apart. So Napoleon, besides dangling his bait, alarmed nervous John Bull by putting in circulation the bogus will of Peter the Great, one of the most successful "fakes" of history.

Time was when the commerce from East to West passed through Constantinople, and naturally it was the world's capital. But a combination of causes lessened it. The hinterland passed to the control of the Turk, skilled in desert making, and once populous regions had little to sell. Through piracy's suppression sea traffic became safe, the Suez Canal was digged and Constantinople was left to one side. Her trade, instead of being horizontal, became perpendicular—from north to south. Goods to and from the Black Sea basin passed her door, but local, rather than world-wide, was her trade. But, victims of historical reminiscence, men have remembered the words of Napoleon, and the peace conference attacks the Dardanelles problem largely under their domination.

The straits primarily concern Russia, and next Rumania, Bulgaria and the new Armenia. The Bosporus is Russia's water gate. As long as it is in possibly hostile possession Russia is denied the benefit of the principle guaranteeing free access to the sea.

The Bolsheviki assailed Miliukoff as an imperialist because he asked for an open door, but one can't well argue for a Danzig for the Poles and a Fiume for Jugo-Slavs and not admit Russia's special claims to Constantinople.

If Russia were in liberal control, if her present rulers had not "welshed" on the war, the settlement would be easy. Russia would get the "mandate" under conditions insuring equal treatment to other Black Sea countries.

As things are, internationalization in some form would seem the alternative. But internationalization implies agents, laws, force, the machinery of power. By whom are these to be furnished? There is no international police force. Britain, if the matter were judged coldly on merits, would doubtless be rated the most competent for the job. But to many Britain seems to be getting the glory of too many responsibilities. The United States shies at hints to assume control. Bear the brunt of wranglings with the Black Sea countries? No.

A stop-gap until such time as Russia is to be trusted, may be found in some sort of administration by a committee of the whole. But this is not alluring, for in Peking, in Cairo, in Samoa and elsewhere joint government has not worked well.

The Soviet Mailing List

The average American has a sporting instinct that leads him to object to hitting below the belt. And it seems to him that it is such hitting to publish such a mailing list as was found in the archives of the Martens Bolshevist bureau in New York.

No evidence is adduced that the persons named were consulted or that their consent was asked before they were included. The catalogue might have been made up by any one who reads the newspapers and reflects the inevitable mistakes to be expected under such circumstances of preparation. The Overman list, which included names that should have been omitted, was cruelly unfair in some of its stigmatizations, and it is surprising that the offence is again committed.

A man is entitled to his day in court and to be protected in his good name unless there is definite evidence against him. Perhaps most of the men and women brought under suspicion deserve what has come to them, but it is still a proud boast of our law that it is better for the guilty to escape than for the innocent to suffer. In crises it is necessary to take short cuts to justice, but the Bolshevist evil is hardly menacing enough to call for extraordinary measures.

Yet in one respect the publication of the list will work to the public's advantage. The Bolshevists and semi-Bolshevists learn that some one in the Bolshevist bureau has an idea whither they are headed, and if a clerk of Martens knows so do others. Men must choose. They cannot support American democracy and Russian Bolshevism at the same time.

An Obsolete Horror

It seems too good to be true that the old Postoffice Building is nearing its end. Yet at the rate taste in architecture has been developing in our beloved land the "day" of this fine old horror must sooner or later arrive. Why not now? The Board of Estimate is said to be agreed in wishing the building razed. Is it too much to hope that our Federal authorities will presently bow to local sentiment and the eternal fitness of things and agree to remove themselves elsewhere?

The Federal Building is the essence of that strange blindness to visual beauty that swept over the Western world about the middle of the last century. Puritanism is sometimes spoken of as the parent of this era of awfulness. But on the surface of the record, at least, this is a gross slander. Puritanism reigned in New England, for instance, from 1620 on, yet for two whole centuries with the loveliest of home architecture—a shade sober and severe, perhaps, but exceedingly well proportioned and sound of line—quite as good as Southern Colonial architecture that knew not Puritanism.

The Postoffice Building dates from a late motif—that mid-Victorianism that was not only virtuous but pompous and pretentious as well. As long as Puritanism was genuinely simple in its standards it seems to have done well in building. Only when piety went sour and was transformed into prosperous pharisaism did it begin to develop bulbous protuberances of line. It was the favorite jest of the British weeklies during the war that the Germans could be more than forgiven the destruction of the Prince Albert Memorial via Zeppelin. Our local Federal Building is its moral equivalent in the Western world. Now that Zeppelins are no more, cannot common sense and good taste accomplish the same welcome deed?

This Commencement Season

Every day is commencement day. Life is always beginning. That is what keeps it from being dull.

The thousands of young persons who are being graduated this month from all sorts of schools and colleges stand "where brook and river meet." They have the pride of achievement and high hopes for new adventure and enterprise. They are blessedly young, and youth is courage.

We who are older and perhaps a trifle wayworn envy them, congratulate them and urge them to take the road boldly. They are starting out at a time when timidity and gloom are more than ordinarily costly, but at a time when brains and courage command unusual returns.

We are at the entrance to a period of extraordinary opportunity. The graduates of this June will see big things and do big things.

Saving Daylight Saving

It seems as if there ought to be brains enough somewhere to preserve the benefits of daylight saving and at the same time meet the objections of the dissatisfied farmers. Congress has, as often before, reacted to the vociferous kickers and heeded not at all the larger body of silent approval. Cannot the country face the whole problem in broader fashion and work out a genuine solution that will answer the needs of the whole country?

The benefits to the great majority of the people of America are unquestioned. The saving in fuel, large as it is, is but one small item. A distinct gain in health is undoubtedly the largest item. All the diseases of which fresh air is the chief enemy have felt the effects of the outdoors afforded by long evenings of daylight.

On the other hand, the farmer is a large and important minority, and he is very generally dissatisfied with daylight saving. The psychology of cows and laborers proved slow to readjust itself. Many farmers solved the difficulty by operating their farms by sun time. But where their production was obliged to connect with train schedules this system gave much trouble.

The problem of the farm is a distinctly difficult one that must be recognized. But when convenience, health and economy for the great majority are at stake it would certainly seem no more than just that the farmer should be asked to make every effort to solve his peculiar problem without injuring the rest of the nation. There are exceedingly able brains among the farming leaders, men who see the welfare of the country as a whole. Before next spring, will not the Senate and the House call into consultation such men as Henry Wallace, of Iowa, and take common counsel as to a solution? Train schedules can surely be revised to meet a considerable body of opposition. Perhaps other measures could be taken to reduce the burden placed upon the farmer.

What we urge is a get-together spirit that will end the present out-and-out conflict, analyze the faults of the present daylight saving and save just as much of its undoubted benefits as possible.

Italy's Protest

The fall of the Orlando Ministry shows that Italy is still unreconciled to the idea of yielding her claims in the Adriatic. The Big Three at Paris have been trying to arrange a compromise by which Italy shall not only lose Fiume, but also get less than was promised her in Dalmatia in her compact of 1915 with Great Britain, France and Russia.

Orlando made his protest against the scaling down policy of his associates in the conference when he dramatically left Paris after the publication of President Wilson's letter and asked a vote of confidence from the Italian Parliament. That body overwhelmingly indorsed his insistence on Italy's claims. But it refused him support on Thursday, when he returned to Rome with another compromise proposition and demanded that it should be discussed in secret session.

Internal political intrigues evidently had much to do with this latest vote—259 to 78—against Orlando. The supporters of Giolitti, Nitti and Bissolati, who were originally opposed to the Sonnino nationalistic programme, seem to be using the club of popular sentiment to coerce Orlando into rejecting any compromise at Paris. Thus, they hope to bring about his retirement as Premier, which the King decided to hold in abeyance. Giolitti, Nitti and Bissolati personally favor a moderation of Italian demands. But Italian public feeling is strong for a fight to a finish at Paris against a scaling down of Entente promises to Italy.

The Italian difficulty at Paris has been largely an artificial creation. Italy could reasonably have stood for a literal redemption of the promises of the Treaty of London, just as Japan held out for a redemption of pledges which the Entente made to her. But Fiume, an independent crown municipality, separated by Hungary from Croatia, pleaded for incorporation into Italy, and Italian pride was touched by this demonstration. The Italian delegation at Paris has been willing to trade for Fiume some of the Dalmatian territory assigned to Italy. But President Wilson's letter has been a stumbling block.

Our Overseas Army

When Marshal Joffre was in this country in the spring of 1917 with the Allied military mission he intimated to Secretary Baker that the maximum American reinforcement which the French high command expected was from 400,000 to 500,000 men. At that date the figure was a reasonable one; for Russia was still in the war and Germany had been on the defensive on the Western front since the close of the battle of Verdun. Had Russia stayed in the United States would probably not have been required to maintain more than half a million troops in Europe.

Our effort through 1917 aimed at a maximum little greater than 500,000. But the Russian revolution released 1,000,000 Germans from the Eastern front and upset all Allied calculations. Then Ludendorff came along in 1918 with his win-or-lose offensives. He raised the limit of American participation from a quarter million to two millions. For by November, 1918, when the armistice was signed, 2,000,000 American soldiers were in Europe. The American army in France at that time was larger than the British army.

America's military policy was an improvisation. Its development was guided by outside events. It could not produce the tools of war in sufficient quantities. But it could, and did, produce manpower, which was the greatest need of the Allies. The enthusiastic response of the country to conscription made possible the delivery of 2,000,000 troops in Europe before the end of 1918. As Secretary Baker justly remarked the other day, this was not the work of the government, but of the American people.

After-War Speculation

(From The Bridgeport Standard-Telegram)

Everybody is going in for oil these days and the speculators are reaping a harvest. So marked are the raids, entirely without reason, that the authorities in New York have decided to try to curb what seems in the main an organized swindle. Thousands of honest dollars made by extra labor have gone into the pockets of those who sell worthless paper. It is time for warnings in all directions. After-war speculation is always dangerous. It was land doings following the Civil War. Business invited adventure after the Spanish war. And oil has the call to-day. Beware of the oily seller.

The Conning Tower

An Intermezzo For the Fourth Act

If my peculiar pulchritude in Paris
seemed to please,
Upon the Champs Elyseés 'mongst the
blooming chestnut trees,
Or if along the Rivoli in hell's melange
of men
Which bubbled in the war brew, you observed me now and then;
Or if the picture rising, of my roly-poly
form,
A-toddle down the boulevards should
make your heart grow warm—
O Phyllis, wipe that picture from your
memory cold and flat—
You should see me in my new straw
hat!

For I'm in London now, my dear, in
London old and gray;
And spring is fading in the past, and
summer's under way.
But London is a decent town, polite and
smug and curt;
It breaks her heart to frivol and one
breaks her laws to flirt!
And how she works and how she frets,
and yet she's always sweet;
So I am here in London for to give the
town a treat.
And if I'm middle aged and bald and
slow and rather fat—
You should see me in my new straw
hat!

Perhaps we're not immortal, lass, but O
I wish we were;
Though not to save some prudish saint
or pale philosopher.
I want to find those lads whom life's
sweet, poignant beauty wracked,
Who had to duck and cut the show, before the second act—
Say Schubert, Keats, or Phidias, those
olden, golden boys—
And tell them something of the play, and
how it never cloys.
For I have seen three acts, and now
I'm fifty—but, at that,
You should see me in my new straw
hat! WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

London, June 3, 1919.

Prof. Henry A. Beers, in the Yale Review, says that Roosevelt was "too strenuous for humor, which implies a certain relaxation of mind; and ability to look disinterestedly on both the upper and under side of a thing; and, in the peculiarly American form of it, a humility which inclines one to laugh at himself." Certainly T. R. was without that sense of the ridiculous which is a deterrent to advancement; one must take one's self seriously to command the respect of the unhumorous, or controlling class.

And yet the only time we ever met T. R. he made adroit fun of himself. He asked us whether we knew Simeon Strunsky. "I consider Strunsky," he said, "the most intelligent of my opponents. In fact, he's so intelligent, I don't see how he can be an opponent."

The Profiteers' Mother Goose

Little Bo Peep sought a flat that was cheap,
And didn't know where to find it.
So despite the increase in the terms of her
lease,
She patiently, gratefully signed it.

Mr. Will Rogers's book "The Peace Conference" fails, to our notion, because it is impossible to put into print the spontaneity—real or counterfeit—of Rogers's spoken words. In the decanting the sparkle dies. When Rogers speaks his stuff, there is the illusion that the things have just occurred to him; but stuff in type, whether readers of this department believe it or not, is deliberate and un-casual.

Well, the women's tennis championship remains in America, Miss Zinderstein having vanquished her opponents, including the Scandinavienne.

THE DIARY OF OUR OWN SAMUEL PEPYS

June 18—All morning at errands, and searching for an apartment to live in next autumn, but finding none. Hard at my scrivening all afternoon, and in the evening I bested W. Enright at pool, albeit it took no great adroitness.

19—Early to the office, and all the day reading the publick prints and writing a little, too. And in the evening with B. Green to the playhouse and saw "Peek-a-Boo," deeming it more comick than most of the musickall comedies, and I laughed many times at a comedian named Bobby Clark, who hath a gift of high humor and low comedy to a great degree. Thence to my inn, and B. Green had me drink 2 mint juleps, very pleasant.

20—In my petrol-waggon to Yonkers with my wife, and left her there, and thence to my office where till late; and to call for her again. Read U. Sinclair's "Jimmie Higgins," a dull piece of writing, methought.

We are opposed, as the doddering among our readers may recall, to the patronizing use of quotes. But "reds" is admissible; and we should never correct a proof that called it the "secret" service.

Little children were singing yesterday to the air of "The Farmer in the Dell," "Germany will sign, Germany will sign. Heigh ho and derry o! Germany will sign."

Well, the bartender has only nine more days to put the change on the wet spot of the bar; and to offer the change to the man who didn't buy.

The period of "drives" and "quotas" is, we hope, almost at an end. The rules were fairly elastic, in some instances. If the quota wasn't reached, the time was extended. Now, in the daily drive for the columnar quota of paragraphs that is impossible. If the copy for the last line isn't in hand before midnight the composing room won't give us three hours' grace.

"Only six minutes before going to press," the foreman just telephoned from downstairs, "and you're two paragraphs shy."

"Two?" did you say?

There you are. F. P. A.

JAPAN AND THE JUGGLER

This cartoon from the Tokio "Jiji" shows Uncle Sam juggling with three objects labelled "China," "Munitions" and "Siberia." Underneath is the line: "Not doing a darn thing, but just looking on."

A Servantless City

By Stanley Frost

CAN you imagine a city from which all the—more or less—kindly, courteous and serviceable people who minister to the thousand daily wants of modern life have vanished? One without waiters in the hotels, "hello girls" on the 'phones, cooks in the kitchens, emptyers of garbage, icemen, milkmen, breadmen, deliverymen, chauffeurs or laundresses? One without even motormen to leave you standing on the corner or firemen to put you out when you catch fire? One without even newspapers or postmen?

That was Winnipeg during the general strike. Of course, industry was completely stopped, and the cost of that ran high into millions. But the stoppage of the mills does not bother most of us till months afterward, when a shortage of something we want has sent the price up, or the company where we have invested our savings reports that there will be an assessment instead of a dividend this year.

The lack of telephones, though, hits us mighty hard and mighty promptly. The garbage accumulates fast. We miss our daily papers. It is discomforting to think we have got to try the old line-of-buckets system if our house catches fire. We know immediately that there is a strike when these things happen. It was on these, far more than on the stoppage of industry, that the strikers there counted to force the city to surrender to whatever they might demand.

But it didn't work. There was a counter revolution of indignant citizens, and everything necessary was done and done fairly well and promptly. Too many Americans were raised on farms; there are too many jack of all trades among us. It was, nevertheless, an experience unique among American cities that Winnipeg went through.

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The city firemen struck among the first. The danger was immediate. So the first duty of the counter revolutionary Citizens' Committee of One Thousand, with its six thousand members, was to man the firehouses. It put in two men for every one that walked out, and put them there inside of ten minutes. There has been no real conflagration in Winnipeg, though there have been many fires. And you will find old city officials who will tell you that on at least two occasions the volunteer forces saved situations which would have brought disaster under the, they say, less efficient methods of the regulars.

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Winnipeg had a great resource in its aviators. The boys from that town took to the air in droves, and there were nearly a hundred veterans ready for daredevil duty. Part of them were put on the fire trucks as drivers. There was a time when Chief Croker's "Red Devil" had a reputation for speed in New York, but the man who has seen one of those aviators swing a ladder truck or a spouting engine around a hairpin turn on one wheel would turn with ennui from anything New York ever observed. One of them hit a bridge rail once and went up six feet. He never looked around, but stepped on the gas, and when the truck lit it was going the right way.

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There was great fear of rioting for a while, for at first the forces of law and order were small. The precautions taken are gossip, for the officials in charge do not tell. But the whispered word is that there are thirty heavy trucks, each with a mounted machine gun and each with two more aviators, one to drive and one to shoot.

There is a story whispered even more softly. Outside the city, at Fort Garry, are six aeroplanes, which came in on the wing. Aviators with them, of course, and bombs in the racks. But the bombs are something a little unusual. They are not supposed to kill. But, if the whispers are true, the mixture in these bombs would end a riot, for all within many yards of the burst would have: (a) Extreme watering of the eyes; (b) violent fits of sneezing, and (c) thorough and complete seasickness.

Who would want to riot if he felt like that?

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When cooks struck women could, of course, do their own housework. But not the hotels. One of the biggest, a regular hotel with six hundred rooms and service that compares favorably with the best anywhere, found itself with one chef, the head waiter and three waiter captains. But it got along.

A major—and a V. C.—assigned you to your room. Elevator boys were dug up from somewhere, and the room work got done. After a while there was some laundry done, too, but perhaps they did not change your sheets every night if you were staying right along. The real show was in the dining room.

On the door was this sign, "Only guests served here." And they enforced it. A guest could not bring in a friend. The head waiter and the three captains produced food. There was one hot dish available at each meal, on the "plat du jour" order. Also, there was a big counter with cold joints and roasts, salads, cheeses and desserts. You could wander over and take your choice. Boys cleared away—after a while. You were not ushered to a chair, but found a place for yourself. The coffee was the worst. The boys brought in big trays of coffee pots, and if you happened to come in when a tray was about empty that coffee was mighty apt to be chilly. It would have been the worst of form to fuss, and the head waiter declares no one ever did.

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The head waiter learned something. He was a most dignified individual whose head waiterishness never left him, even when he was providing butter pats, and one came to wonder whether it did not hurt him to accept quarters as tips.

"Why, no, sir," he explained. "I'm not at all sure, sir, but that there is more money in being a waiter than in being head, sir. Of course, we are supposed to have a split from the other waiters' tips, sir; but I have come to fear that they were holding out on me, sir. It's really not bad, sir. Thank you, sir."

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There were 173 false fire alarms in the first twenty-four hours after the strike began, and it became evident that the volunteer firemen would soon die from lack of sleep. So a patrol was organized to guard the fire boxes, and leading citizens sat around in couples through the night with their backs against the little red posts. Even the inspector who saw that this patrol was maintained thought it was a little remarkable, however, when he found a member of the provincial Cabinet and a belted knight, head of one of the city's biggest grain firms, sharing one post.

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The strikers ordered the men in the waterworks to cut down the pressure from a normal 120 pounds to 30, which the strikers claimed was enough for common people, such as live in one-story houses. It was not enough for safety against fire, and presently the city ordered the pressure put up again. The men were pulled out by the strikers, leaving the city without water. It took twenty-four volunteer engineers to fill their places. They were mostly of engineering professions, and some were no longer young. The annual income of the twenty-four was well above $200,000. They kept the water pressure right and probably saved a big part of the city from fire when a conflagration started a few days later.

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"Society" women took over the telephone system. Wives and daughters of merchants, brokers, high officials, store clerks and army officers all sat down at switchboards. They got away with it, too, though for a while it was much of a gamble who you would find on the other end of a call. The service remained a little slow—about like London's. But the pastime of "bawling out central" ceased.

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The postal service came nearest to "stumping" the volunteers. For a while strike sympathizers dumped the mail from all trains miles from the city, but gradually it began coming in via trucks, and something had to be done with it. A force was recruited from the mail clerks of the department stores and big brokerage houses and an attack was made on the pile. It was no time at all before mail began reaching people, but it was long before the size of that pile shrank. With the best they could do there was delay. But a kind of delivery was kept up, except where strikers, and more often their wives, would explain to the volunteer carrier, with a rolling pin or flatiron, that she would not receive mail till the strike was over. Finally the problem was solved by establishing branch postoffices, where citizens call for their mail in the good old corner crossroads style.

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Except in the postal and 'phone services, and particularly in such things as collecting garbage and running the delivery trucks—in all things in which trained skill is not required—the Citizens' Committee soon found a curious situation. They had filled in the places of well toughened workers with soft men from offices, and though soft muscles and soft hands suffered greatly it was not long before the volunteers were turning out more work than the regulars ever had done. The forces on that kind of jobs now are smaller than they have been for years, yet the work is perfectly done. Roughly, it figures that two "softies" can do the work of three regulars in this kind of thing. The Citizens' Committee leaders have not yet quite decided why this is so.

Perhaps it is because the volunteers hate the job so sincerely.

The Only Thing on Earth That Can Be Trusted

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In "Poland, Child of the West," Joseph Conrad scorns "vision" and goes below and above the surface of things when he speaks of "national temperament, which is about the only thing on earth that can be trusted."

Samuel Clemens had something to say about temperaments. Judging from what he did write, he might have had something to say about the "league of nations." Below is appended a quotation from one of his books. ROBERT W. GARDNER.

New York, June 18, 1919.

"The vast majority of temperaments are pretty equally balanced. The intensities are absent, and this enables a nation to learn to accommodate itself to its political and religious circumstances and like them, be satisfied with them, and at last prefer them.

"Nations do not think; they only feel. They get their feelings at second hand through their temperaments, not their brains. A nation can be brought by force of circumstances, not argument, to reconcile itself to any kind of government or religion that can be devised. In time it will fit itself to the required conditions. Later it will prefer them and will fiercely fight for them.

"As instances you have all history—the Greeks, the Romans, the Persians, the Egyptians, the Russians, the Germans, the French, the English, the Spanish, the Americans, the South Americans, the Japanese, the Chinese, the Hindus, the Turks; a thousand wild and tame religions, every kind of government that can be thought of from tiger to house cat; each nation knowing it has the only true religion and the only sane system of government; each nation despising all the others; each an ass and not suspecting it; each proud of its fancied supremacy; each perfectly sure it is the pet of God; each with undoubting confidence summoning Him to take command in time of war; each surprised when He goes over to the enemy, but by habit able to excuse it and resume compliments.

"In a word, the whole human race content, persistently content, indestructibly happy, thankful, proud, no matter what its religion is nor whether its master be tiger or house cat. Am I stating facts? You know I am. Is the human race cheerful? You know it is. Considering what it can stand and be happy, you do me too much honor when you think that I can place before it a system of cold facts that can take the cheerfulness out of it. Nothing can do that. Everything has been tried. Without success, I beg you not to be troubled."

Taxing Toddlers

(From The Salt Lake Herald)

Every time we see a toddling youngster paying penny toll for his ice cream cone we lose respect for the democratic system of meeting the expenses of war. There are too many families whose kiddies measure their wealth in pennies for a great, strong, wealthy nation to tolerate this method of raising money. The youngsters of to-day are the taxpayers of to-morrow. No doubt they will have to help pay for the war, and the least we can do is grant them immunity during their childhood days.

Congress did a needless job when it placed a special 5 per cent excise tax on candy. War has proved candy to be a wholesome and a necessary food. The new Congress has promised to eliminate many of the inconsistencies of the existing revenue law. No real Americans will seek to avoid payment of a just share of the burden of war, but few of them will condone a system which deprives the youngsters of the little "luxuries" of childhood days. One of the first efforts of the new Congress should be to lift the burden from young America.

But It Remains

(From The Baltimore American)

The once respected rule of supply and demand seems to be outlawed.